





CHATHAM EP



IRIS

1919



Edited by the Senior Class of
The Chatham
Episcopal Institute



Dedication

IN APPRECIATION AND RECOGNITION OF THE KINDNESS AND AID WHICH
HAS BEEN SO GENEROUSLY GIVEN TO EACH GIRL OF THIS
SCHOOL, WE, THE CLASS OF 1919, DEDICATE

"THE IRIS"

TO

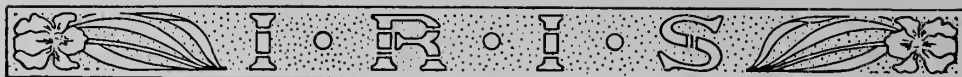
MRS. WILLIS

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Foreword

TO the Faculty and Students of C. E. I., we, the Class of 1919, present this volume of THE IRIS. We have made the utmost effort to make this IRIS a true representation of the fun and seriousness of C. E. I. life. We truly hope that we have not been unsuccessful in this, and that this book will be a reminder of the happy days spent together. May all of C. E. I.'s school years be as prosperous and happy as this one has been for each Senior:

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Art Contributors

MARY LYNE

NATALIE STOKES



Faculty

REV. C. O. PRUDEN, D. D., RECTOR

SACRED STUDIES

MRS. ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, B. P., PRINCIPAL
Graduate Syracuse University

MISS ANNA JANE ROBB, A. B.
Graduate Monmouth College; Teacher in Pawnee City Academy, Nebraska,
and Duquoin Township High School, Illinois
MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS

MISS EDNA BRIGHT, A. B.
Graduate Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.; Teacher in Mrs. Backer's
School for Girls, St. Paul, Minn., and East Maine Seminary,
Buckport, Maine
LATIN

MISS MARGUERITE SHEPARD, PH. B.
Graduate Syracuse University; Teacher in Troy Conference Academy,
Poultney, Vt., and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
HISTORY, ENGLISH

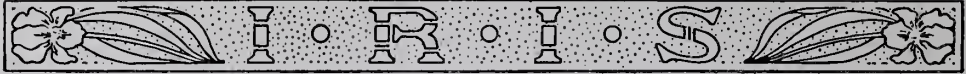
MISS AMANDA POGUE SCHULTE, A. B.
Hamilton College and Graduate Barnard College; Teacher in Heath, Mass.,
and Morsemere, N. J.
HISTORY, ENGLISH

MISS LILLIE VINAL HATHAWAY, A. B., M. A.
Graduate Vassar College; University of Wisconsin
FRENCH, GERMAN

MISS RACHEL S. HARRISON, B. S.
Graduate New York State College for Teachers; Teacher in Teaneck
High School, New York, and Binghamton High Schools, New York
DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND ARTS, CHEMISTRY

MISS RUTH MARIE ROOT, Mus. B.
Graduate Fine Arts College, Syracuse University, New York
VOICE CULTURE, PIANO, HARMONY

MISS ELSIE FOX, B. M.
Graduate Fine Arts College, Syracuse University, New York; Pupil of
Wm. H. Sherwood, Chicago; Teacher in Delhi Academy, New York
PIANO, SIGHT SINGING



MISS LOUISE PAULSEN

Pupil of Prof. John Lindberg, Stockholm, Sweden; Graduate Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, Germany, and Pupil of Prof. Carl Halir, Berlin; Head of Violin Department, Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, and Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C.

VIOLIN

MISS CARRY FAULCONER

Graduate Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, Md.

ASSISTANT IN PIANO

MISS FLORENCE LUKENS NEWBOLD

Graduate Emerson College, Boston, Mass.; Teacher in Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

EXPRESSION, PHYSICAL EDUCATION, AND DANCING

MRS. ELIZABETH MAY WILLIS, B. P.

Graduate Fine Arts Department, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.; Student New York Art League; Formerly Director of Art Department of Arkansas State University, Fayetteville, Ark.

ART

MISS KATHERINE MURAT WILLIS

Graduate of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

DRAWING, DESIGN, ARTS AND CRAFTS

MISS CATHERINE BELLE COVER

Graduate Normal School, Farmville, Va.; Teacher in Irongate, Va., and Waynesboro, Va.

HEAD OF PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

MISS KATHERINE BURNETT HARRIS

Graduate Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

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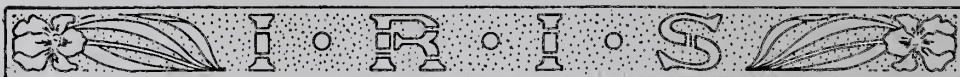
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SCHOOL SCENES





ELIZABETH WHITE BARKER

AXTON, VA.

*"Laugh and the world laughs with
you."*



White is our problem. We don't know how to feed her on the food which best suits her delicate constitution, since delicacies, such as mayonnaise and banana salad, are not always available at C. E. I. We think that, upon a longer stay here, White would recuperate, but since she is planning to go to Wellesley next year, we fear for her. Although generally very cheerful, she occasionally becomes down-hearted, particularly after music lessons. Her "funny bone" is susceptible to finger thrusts and to "S-I-S-T-E-R B-A-R-K-E-R," which causes her much discomfort and others great pleasure. White has made many friends at C. E. I., and is a most valuable addition to our class; indeed, we could never have done without her.

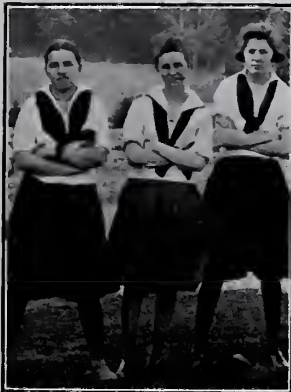




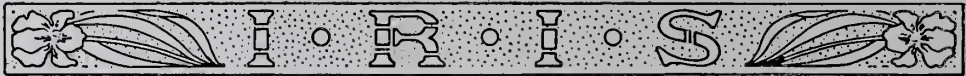
MARIE VENABLE BRANDT

GREENSBORO, N. C.

"Once a friend—always a friend."



To Marie, one of the most prominent and popular members of the illustrious Class of '19, belongs the honor of being class president; and, by her skillful guidance and direction through all the labyrinths and intricacies of the past year, she has proved herself capable and worthy of filling this office. In every phase of school activity, Marie has been recognized as a person with ability and an individuality all her own. Nothing has been complete without her presence, as her record along literary, dramatic, and athletic lines will show. After her three years here, it will be difficult to find some one to take her place (if you don't believe it, just ask Martha); but we know that Marie will uphold the honor of C. E. I. wherever she goes.



WILLIAMINA ATKINSON
CHAMBERLAYNE

CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VA.

*"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear
him complain;
You have waked me too soon, I must
slumber again."*



"Willy" burst upon Mrs. Willis's sight three years ago, her hair in pig-tails and a broad grin on her face. Since then she has kept her place in our principal's sight by her prominence in all such affairs as needed; well, just good common sense along with that other kind.

To say "Willy" was capable would hardly cover the ground, for list! O reader, and you shall hear some of "Willy's" accomplishments:

Miss Bright herself has publicly informed her Virgil class that "Willy's" seventeen years of experience have quite fitted her to instruct the whole class.

"Willy" is our hero in all dramatics, a star on the athletic field, and our main refuge when we are in trouble. Do you wonder we are sorry to part from her?





HANNAH GAY DIXON

GREENVILLE, N. C.

*"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."*



Little Hannah, known by the kindergarten as "that little grown-up Senior," is one of the most valuable members of the class. She is certainly capable, for she carries six hard dailies, and a smiling face along with them. Hannah is gifted with the power to mock any soul on earth, and, for this reason, she is a popular addition to our Sunday afternoon parties. She is a noted French scholar, not only in "the real thing," but also in an original dialect, coined for the special amusement of her two roommates. To omit some mention of Hannah's unselfishness and sweetness of disposition would be to omit half of her characteristics. By these special traits she has, in her four years' sojourn here, made for herself a place to be envied.



KATHLEEN ELIZABETH
FURCRON

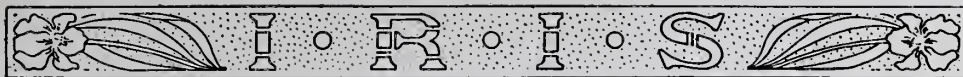
THE PLAINS, VA.

*"An able man shows his spirit by
gentle words and resolute actions."*



Kathleen is one of those girls whom we all admire. She has the rare gift of common sense along with a natural ability to learn Latin and Chemistry. At athletics she is a star, and we are relying on her to win the cup for us. Nobody guessed that she also had dramatic talent until it was forcibly brought upon us by her appearance in "Love and Tea." It takes time, indeed, to bring all of Kathleen's accomplishments to light, for not many of us possess Katherine Redman's rare gift of character-reading. In short, Kathleen is a good all-round girl with a sweet disposition. If we were all like her, Mrs. Willis's problems would be solved.





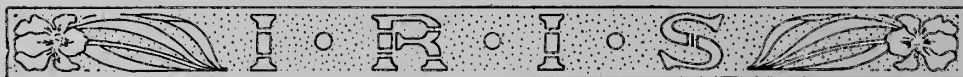
MARY GWENDOLYN HUGHES

OSTRANDER, CANADA

*"Perseverance gains its end, and
patience wins the race."*



When Mary Hughes made her first appearance at C. E. I., and started her brilliant career by making the honor roll, we all looked at her in wonder and admiration, and from that time we have never ceased to look at her in that way. Mary's ability, moreover, does not lie entirely in lessons, for not only is she graduating in a college preparatory course this year, but she is also receiving a diploma in art. Mary's talent as an actress, too, was notably displayed when she appeared in the production "L'Ecole des Belles-Mères." Taking her sweet voice into consideration when she sings the class song, which she herself has composed, we ask what girl would not be proud to graduate with a class which possesses such a talented member?



LEAH MARGARET LEWIS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Where there's a will, there's a way."



Leah Lewis "happened" at C. E. I. about five years ago, then merely an infant with all childish attributes. Since then she has become a dignified Senior, and she is certainly worthy of this station; for not only is she most industrious and conscientious about her lessons, but even in every-day pleasures an eager desire to help always is prevalent. Her sweet and unselfish disposition has made many friends for her, but, judging from the daily fusses in Latin class, we know that her nature is not so sweet that it allows people to walk over her. We hope, however, that these frequent quarrels will not so affect her temper as to render her unfit for the duties of a nurse, since this now seems to be her one ambition in life.



I · R · I · S

LOIS VIRGINIA MOORE

LXINGTON, VA.

*"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast."*



Lois, our stylish girl, came to us last year, and even then her neat, stylish person was a joy to our eyes. Mrs. Willis herself remarks upon Lois's style. On cold winter mornings she comes to the breakfast table calm, cool, and very neat, with her hair dressed in the latest fashion, while the rest of us ordinary mortals come dressed in anything at all with hair streaming in all directions. This alone proves that Lois is an exceptional girl. She has other good qualities, tact and plenty of it; she is also a good student and can afford no end of zeros to attend a dance; she is a steadfast friend, quite an exception here—but on this subject interview Sara.

I · R · I · S



EDITH CHAMBLISS OVERBEY

CHATHAM, VA.

"Slow and steady wins the race."



It would be a difficult task to estimate the exact number of years that Edith has been treading the "path to fame" at C. E. I. Nevertheless, she is certainly treading it with full force this year. Her wit, her happy-go-lucky disposition, and her generous nature have won for her not only this coveted "fame," but a host of friends. Until this year, Edith was continually pestered with this plea, "Please buy me something over town," for she is one of the town girls, much envied on account of her freedom. But now she is "on her honor" not to make any purchases for us, so her good disposition is no longer imposed upon. We certainly have reason to be glad that she has decided to reach her goal with the class of nineteen.





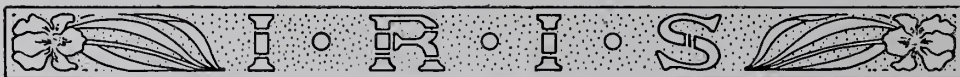
KATHERINE DEE REDMAN

FOLLANSBEE, W. VA.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*



Katherine has been with us four years, and during this time her lively conversation and attractive manner have won for her the admiration and respect of every one. Nobody is blue when she is around, for this well-known disease fades into the distance, and peals of laughter take its place. Katherine's line of conversation drifts from daily wants to the all-important subject of "Park." We can almost always hear such snatches of conversation as, "Oh, girls, here's a letter from Park," or "He blew me up." But her closing words are invariably the same, "He's mighty nice." Although Katherine has never acquired a fondness for Latin, this does not lessen her affection for the Latin teacher; but on this subject consult Miss Bright.



ELIZABETH HENRY ROLLER

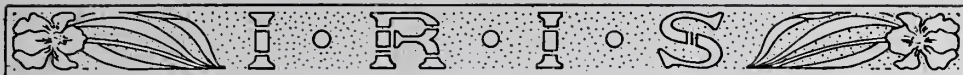
HARRISONBURG, VA.

"And thereby hangs a tale."



Elizabeth Roller! What a multitude of sins these two words cover! One might find her anywhere from Room 82 to the C. E. I. dome. But despite these trivial pranks, Elizabeth is a great addition to the Senior Class. I say "an addition" because she came to us last September. When she entered, she seemed to be a rather demure person, but upon better acquaintance we have found her witty and lively; and, although she is still dignified, we know that she can be most undignified. In lessons Elizabeth stars. Who does not envy the ease and accuracy with which she translates Virgil? And so we hope that each September will bring as worthy a Senior as Elizabeth.





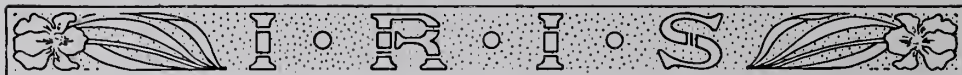
KATHLEEN ROSSER

RUSTBURG, VA.

*"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird."*



"Katty" is undoubtedly one of the most prominent members of the class. Besides being the class beauty, she is endowed with the best voice in school, and is a conspicuous figure in almost every recital. Her most notable characteristic is that of utter frankness, which has won her more than one good friend. She says exactly what she thinks, but in such a way that no one minds. But just because she says mean things is no sign she is mean, for by her kind-hearted ways she has made herself one of the most popular of girls. Moreover, every one is confident of her good judgment and common sense; and if "Katty" disapproves we may know there's something wrong.



MAMIE CARRINGTON ROSSER

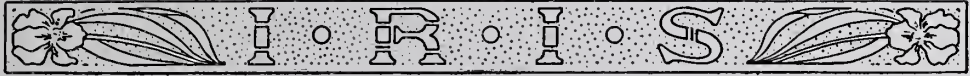
RUSTBURG, VA.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may die."



Mamie, with her cheery voice and countenance, came into our midst last year. She fills the same place which "Chris" occupied the year before, namely, the seat of popularity. Whenever we see her she is talking, and this loquacious manner has been a great aid in making warm friends for her. Mamie is not only bright and attractive, but she also has a great deal of real sense. In Mathematics, especially, she stars. Her geometry lessons were always prepared in a manner dear to the ear of Miss Gaines. Mamie's one failing, however, is her appetite. Certainly at Sunday night feasts she does herself justice! Still she is a good all-round girl and we can not blame Roger and Alvin for having "cases" on her.





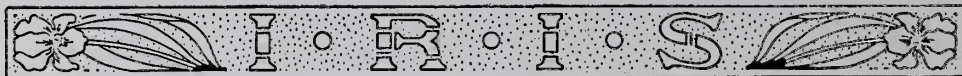
NATALIE FONTAINE STOKES

ATLANTA, GA.

*"But, oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day is half so
fine a sight."*



Although Natalie, having been here five years, is the oldest member of the class in point of residence, she is still an unsolved mystery to us. Her outward characteristics are well known—her clothes, her good looks, her dancing, her athletic ability, her wonderful talent in art, and that charm which attracts so many "cases" and suitors. But of her true nature we know nothing. Is she as flippant and as care-free and as superficial as we have always thought, or does this year's work more truly depict her real character? Often we believe so, and we hope so, too; for if it does, Natalie will make a success of her life, and in the years to come we shall be proud to say she was of our class.



MARION AUGUSTA STOREY

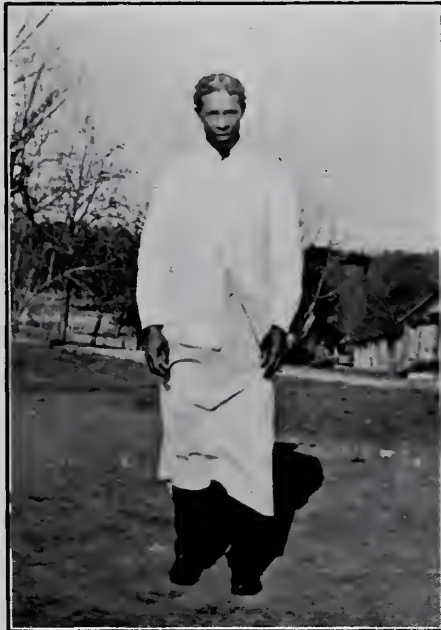
NEW YORK, N. Y.

*"Tell me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head."*

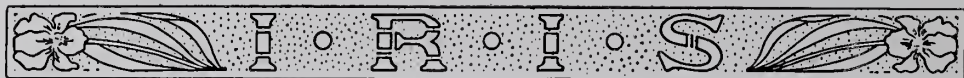


Marion is the one member of our class who hails from New York. She has been with us for only two years; but, looking back upon the years before she came, we wonder how we got along without her. It was she who, in the final basket-ball game last year, threw the goal which won the cup for us. Marion is also good in her lessons (when she takes time from her numerous "cases" to study), and more than once would have made the honor roll if her deportment mark had not prevented. That she is musical is too well known to need mentioning, for her violin solos would tell us most plainly, even if Elizabeth did not continually remind us of the fact.





MASCOT



The Class History



E, being among the first members, if not the first, of our noble class to arrive, and since we alone are capable of setting forth the history of our fellow-classmates in an entertaining way (as you will see upon further reading), we have been given the honor of this task.

Nineteen fourteen brought Natalie, Katherine, Edith, and Leah. Natalie came to C. E. I. under the protection of Lillian Smith, and was ever so wee a girl. She and Betsy roomed together, and such happy times as they did have! She has always been "our stylish girl," even from the time she came in socks and short dresses.

Katherine Redman has always been popular. Besides having the natural gift of woman, to be able to talk, she possesses the mysterious talent of prophesying the future. So woe to the person who tries to hide her faults, for Katherine can tell them to her without help or mistake. To quote a certain teacher, Katherine is brilliant. We, the members of her class, wonder if she can handle Park as easily as she handles Math.

Edith simply belongs to C. E. I., for she first came to the school on the hill eight years ago. She always has a crowd around her eagerly listening to the doings of Chatham society. If it were not for Edith, we would never know the latest styles, nor the proper time to put on our new spring bonnets. Her manner here at school is always calm, and she answers even the most important questions in her own original drawl; but we "on the hill" wonder if she still drawls while entertaining the Chatham gallants.

Leah is one of Chatham's oldest and most faithful members. She came from the quiet little town of Philadelphia to enter Chatham society five years ago. Since she has been here, she has shown a great interest along musical lines, but we think in the years to come she will be found a white-clad nurse in a sanatorium.

White, the joy and sorrow of our lives, came in September, 1915, and, although she lives eighteen miles away, she says that she did not see C. E. I. until the day she came to be an inmate. We wonder if that is true! Anyway, we know that the day she leaves will not be the last time she sees this school



as long as "Jinny" Hall and "Toothpick" remain. White has been a worthy member of our class, and although at times she feels the need of a rest cure, she has performed her work most faithfully and successfully.

Hannah and Mary came the same year, and of these two members we are especially proud. Hannah is a wonder, not only in plays, but also in the art of bluffing, in which "she can't be beat." She is our baby, and has always been the pet of the school, but still she is a very dependable creature. She is a fine athlete, and goes after the ball "quick as a flash." We could never have done without little Hannah.

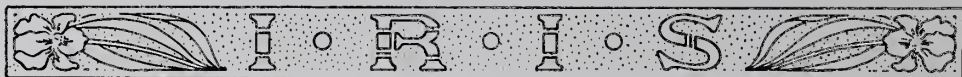
It goes without saying of whom we are most proud—Mary, the illustrious one. Through all her school life she has been the one guiding star for the other less energetic and studious ones. In spite of her aspirations to the honor roll, she is susceptible to "cases"; for if one should go to Mary's room, she would see a picture of Marion in a gold frame. As editor-in-chief of both the *Chathamite* and *Iris*, she is simply great. There is none like her, none.

"Willy" entered our class as a Sophomore in 1916. She has, ever since the days of our struggles with Cæsar, been the only member of our numerous Latin classes who was capable of sight-reading—and, oh, how we have envied her! She has won the esteem of "Lady May," and as a member of the Student Council, she is a great success. When "Willy" says "lights out," we know she means it, and silence reigns.

Marie also arrived in 1916, and since then we have not failed to see ourselves as others, or rather Marie, sees us, for Marie enjoys to the fullest extent that freedom of speech for which our forefathers fought. This is one reason why Marie carries off the honors of Senior president so well, and why her sanction of any of our undertakings is, to us, an assurance of its success.

Last year brought Mamie and Kathleen. "Katty" has followed in Ida's footsteps, and has not only captivated the hearts of the Chatham beaux, but "Napie's" and Mary Fulghum's as well. She has worked hard, and well deserves her much-desired diploma.

Mamie is our "general nuisance," but an indispensable one. She is also envied by her classmates who are unable to obtain 100 in Algebra III tests. We are very glad to say that she has at last passed spelling, and seems to be



able to spell even Roger! Mamie, too, is very charming; for how could one doubt it when her "case" has remained faithful this whole year?

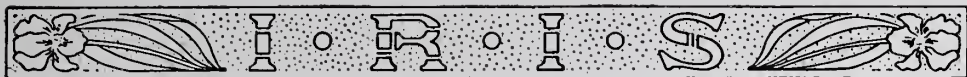
Marion Storey came to us all the way from New York "'n' everything." In a short time she won a number of friends, also the admiration of our principal. In athletics as well as in her literary work, she is a wonder—and still she has time for "cases"!

Lois joined us last year, too, and although Lexington is not so very far away—well, you see there are V. M. I. and Washington and Lee. Lois is a tiny little person, but has plenty of common sense as well as book sense, though she is often interrupted in her pursuit of knowledge by some mischievous plan.

Kathleen Furcron came to us last year, although she should have come with our Fortune-teller, for they are the best of friends. Though last year was Kathleen's first year at C. E. I., she has won a "rep" as a good student in her literary work. In athletics, especially basket-ball, she shines. Though she is very quiet, we are sure that in future years she will be heard from.

Our very newest member is Elizabeth. She has succeeded in bluffing Miss Bright all year, although Miss Schulte has found her out. Elizabeth's main fault is her inability to be dignified, but after a gentle lecture from Mrs. Willis she did at least put up her hair. On account of her good qualities, Elizabeth is an especially good person to close this, our Class History.

LEAH LEWIS,
NATALIE STOKES,
Class Historians.



Class Will and Testament

WE, the members of the Class of 1919, feeling that for once in our lives we are perfectly healthy, both in mind and body, do hereby make this document our last will and testament:

ARTICLE I

To Mrs. Willis, our beloved principal, we bequeath an automatic silencer for usage at both morning and evening prayers. We hope in this way to be able to save the hearing of the suffering pupils as well as that of the faculty.

ARTICLE II

To the trustee, the Reverend Doctor Pruden, we will two hundred new hymn books and a set of girls who will sing the melodies contained therein with unusual force and gusto.

ARTICLE III

To Miss Shepard we willingly leave a perfect school where she may expound all of her idealistic theories concerning school discipline and meet with instantaneous success.

ARTICLE IV

Under Miss "Luky" Newbold's care we will one hundred and fifty girls who will delight her ears with the correct use of head-tones, and her eyes with their art of standing with heads erect and chests out.

ARTICLE V

To Miss Bright we bequeath a pair of life-lasting pink silk stockings and a dainty pink cravat. With these, surely she will no longer have to hide her feet on the platform when Mrs. Willis speaks of the combination of white stockings and black shoes as in bad taste.

ARTICLE VI

To Miss Faulconer we generously will all the "tacks" of Chatham. On account of our great sacrifice, we hope that she will never lack a date a single night.



ARTICLE VII

We present Miss Robb with an electric alarm which will ring out at the end of each study hall period, so that she may not have to crane her neck to see the clock and at the same time fear that the girls are taking advantage of the fact that her eyes are for one instant removed from their studious countenances.

ARTICLE VIII

To Miss Curtis we bequeath a new supply of "baby talk," with which she may delight her patients as she has done of yore.

ARTICLE IX

To Maxine Graves we only will Mary Hughes' assurance of success in marks, since she already possesses the talent of studiousness.

ARTICLE X

To "Arkansas" we transmit "Katty's" voice so that she may regale our ears with a delightful solo, and not meet with universal disapproval.

ARTICLE XI

To "Lib" Stuart we bequeath Marion's art of lallapaloosing, which, together with her own vast knowledge along that line, will make her an expert in setting forth the mysteries of darkened rooms and white flags.

ARTICLE XII

To the "Professor," otherwise known as Josephine Martin, we will a private dining-table, where she may cat to her heart's content and enjoy her food in tranquillity.

ARTICLE XIII

To Betsy and Calky, our irrepressible ones, we bequeath a desert island, where they may make all the fuss possible without any public reprimand at prayers.



ARTICLE XIV

To the Juniors we willingly give all the Senior privileges which were not ours to enjoy.

ARTICLE XV

To the "Sophs" we transmit the honor of being known as the sister class of illustrious '19.

ARTICLE XVI

To the "Freshies" we wish hearty success in their aspirations to some day become dignified Seniors.

ARTICLE XVII

To the little "Preps" we will the pleasant expectation of four years of High School at C. E. I.

ARTICLE XVIII

To Mr. Jefferson, the friend of the school, we bequeath an indefinite space of time so that he may show his friendly countenance more often at "the school on the hill."

ARTICLE XIX

To the next year's Student Councilors we will our "rep." which we believe is quite enough to start them on.

ARTICLE XX

To the student body of C. E. I. we bequeath some "pep" and school spirit, which we hope even a broken-off game won't down.

Signed—

WILLIAMINA CHAMBERLAYNE, Lawyer.

Witnesses—

SENIOR CLASS OF 1919.



Class Prophecy



FOR one solid week, C. E. I. had regaled itself on doughnuts. large doughnuts, small doughnuts, in fact all sorts of doughnuts. These doughnuts were prepared for C. E. I. consumption by the Domestic Science Class, with the aid of that efficient, hard-working, abused Miss Harrison. During the long day, when we found it impossible to eat doughnuts, we enjoyed their fragrance issuing from the depths, and dreamed of the time when we could eat them.

I had eaten more than my share of doughnuts, and, having reached the limit of my capacity at last, I hung a white flag, in the shape of an old stocking, upon my door. In the seclusion thus gained, I drew out my crystal, that large mysterious ball of glass, and, gazing into its depths, I saw my classmates pass before my eyes in the garb of the future.

But I had to wait some time before I saw the faintest sign of a picture in the crystal. This delay was, no doubt, due to the number of doughnuts which I had just eaten. At last I was rewarded. The surface of the crystal was greatly disturbed. Certainly, one of my classmates was being arrested for disturbance. No, indeed, it was just our "Willy" standing upon a stump, surrounded by a motley crew who were cheering her vociferously. One of these, a cross-eyed man, carried a huge sign, "Chamberlayne for Congress." How we shall look forward to the numerous reforms "Willy" is going to bring about!

In the twinkling of an eye the scene changed, and I beheld a comfortable living-room. Before the fire was seated a gentle-looking creature, who was reading a story to a dirty-faced, tow-headed boy. Could this be—no, it certainly was not! But at last I decided it *was* Mamie seated before the fire with her very own little boy. Her better half did not appear, but I saw him in imagination, a docile creature, not much in evidence at any time. What a sad end for Mamie! but perhaps she can avoid it, since I have warned her.

Next I saw the crystal just filled with people, an aristocratic crowd. Above their heads gleamed and twinkled this sign: "Miss Kathleen Rosser Presents Marguerite in Faust." "Katty," our pretty girl, is surely going to make us famous. This fact should also encourage Miss Root.



The next scene showed me Natalie. But where was she? For some time I was in doubt, but at last I decided that she was in Paris—for this place could be no other than that marvelous city. She was seated before a small table with a portfolio opened before her, evidently she had some work of art therein. Across from her, gazing adoringly into her eyes, was seated a sickly-looking man—but I can not go on, because we all know Natalie and just what she is going to do. I do hope, now that she is warned, that she will pick out a healthier-looking individual for the victim.

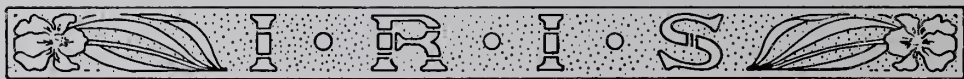
From Paris to Chatham is a great step, but the next member of '19, whom I saw in the crystal depths, was Edith, seated in Jones' Pharmacy, with a whole crowd of beloved C. T. S. boys gathered about her. On the outskirts of this crowd hung "Skinny," at whom Edith glared. Evidently, Edith is going to have her choice of Chatham's many prepossessing young men.

Next I saw to my surprise the interior of a "ladies' ready-to-wear shop." There I saw Marion holding forth in all her style, making the assistants step forward with all her old power of making people step around and do just as she wished. It will not surprise you to learn that just behind Marion was her old shadow, Elizabeth, the same Elizabeth, just a bit heavier than of old. These two, Marion and Elizabeth, have certainly made a success of the shop, with the help of the whole of C. E. L., whose uniform hats were purchased there. It is fine to know that Elizabeth and Marion are not to be separated.

About the tea-table in an elegant mansion I saw seated several fashionable ladies drinking tea, and evidently discussing the latest fashions by the way in which they were studying the fashion magazines. It was just then that in came Lois, arrayed in her best and followed by Sara. Lois was at her ease leading the fashions and society in her home town. She is going to do quite well, it seems. I repeat that the crystal is not infallible, however.

Into the jostling crowds of a theater I next was taken by the crystal. Every one was dressed most gorgeously, and no wonder, for out danced little Hannah, our very own little Hannah! Such a clapping of hands as there was! Let us hope that Hannah does not disappoint us. She, at least, can amuse any one as she has demonstrated time and again on the third hall Dabney.

I just caught a glimpse of Leah, Leah all in white, evidently destined to ease some one's pain; for Leah, the crystal says, will take up her chosen profession—that of a nurse.



The next picture proved to be a charming one—a country schoolhouse seated upon a hill with Kathleen in the doorway, a perfect facsimile of Miss Robb. About her were gathered her small charges, who gazed at her with adoring eyes. What a fitting occupation this will be for Kathleen whose nature is so sweet.

Marie appeared next, standing before the solid mahogany desk in the C. E. I. study hall, Marie in Mrs. Willis' old place. She appeared to me just the same, but with an enormous growth of hair, the hair she has so sadly missed during the past year. Standing before the afore-mentioned desk she seemed to be, from her attitude, threatening the poor children seated below "not to dare to put one scratch upon those eight-dollar desks." She was holding forth as only Mrs. Willis can. Marie, as this shows, is going to be quite famous. What fun it will be for our class to visit her and defy all teachers, rules, and everything that has bothered us this past year!

The next picture almost finished me, and I hate to pass it on, but it is my sad duty. Before a large department store window a few straggling people were gathered. As some of these moved on I saw White seated upon a chair within the window, advertising, with the aid of Miss Curtis, a preventive of hysterics. White should be ashamed to permit that her love of money make her forget her college career, but perhaps she had finished college, after all, and had taken up "cures" as a side issue.

It would seem that the crystal could not entertain me further, but why in the world was our star-gatherer, Mary, forgotten? Certainly she, at least, would do something brilliant. I almost despaired, but it would undoubtedly show Mary decorated with medals galore, and degrees sticking out of her pockets. The crystal showed me none of these things, for Mary came down the aisle of a huge church dressed as only brides dress. Awaiting her at the altar stood the happy "to be." He was a large man (with the emphasis on the "large") who will make Mary step lively throughout her coming years. Mrs. Willis, Dr. Pruden, the Faculty, and we, as a class, should tell Mary just what is what before she escapes us. She, being warned, must not disappoint every last one of us, but for the sake of humanity should refuse to accept this male creature who will attempt to lure her from the paths of fame.

This ended the Class of '19, and it is well, for I heard a voice outside my door calling, "Ah, Kathern, come on out, we got some more doughnuts." Forgetting my class and its future, I rushed after the doughnuts.

KATHERINE REDMAN, *Class Prophetess.*

Class Song — 1919.

Words by Mary Hughes Music by Kathleen Rosser

Fare well to thee, O C. E. I. The parting time has come at last; The
 fleeting years go quickly by And now our girlhood years are past; Our
 voices shall no more bring forth an answering echo from your walls;
 Farewell, our alma mater dear, The great wide world now loudly calls.

Class Song

1

Farewell to thee, O, C. E. I.,
 The parting time has come at last;
 The fleeting years go quickly by,
 And now our girlhood years are past;
 Our voices shall no more bring forth
 An answering echo from your walls;
 Farewell, our Alma Mater dear,
 The great wide world now loudly calls.

2

Farewell to you, O, schoolmates true,
 Who journey onward in our trail;
 Here's all good luck and joy for you,
 And happiness that will not fail;
 You still will share in all the fun,
 And gay old times among these halls,
 But those glad days for us are gone;
 Farewell, the great wide world now calls!

3

So one more class now says farewell,
 Its prep school days are past recall;
 O, C. E. I., your praise we'll tell,
 And every virtue we'll extol;
 When at our tasks from day to day,
 We'll think of you with loving hearts,
 You'll live in memory for aye,
 Farewell, farewell, from old nineteen!



Strange Perversity

When but a Freshman, so it seemed,
The greatest bliss to me
Came when in fancy oft I dreamed
That I'd a Senior be.

Now—strange perversity—it seems
The fact I most deplore,
Is, that I am not, save in dreams,
A Freshman any more.

ELIZABETH ROLLER, '19.
MARION A. STOREY, '19.

JUNIORS





THE JUNIOR CLASS



The Junior Class

COLORS: Green and Gold

FLOWER: Jonquil

Officers

KATHARINE COCKE.....*President*
BETSY HAILE.....*Vice-President*
EIRENE MAYERS.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
BETSY HAILE.....*Cheer Leader*

Members

RUTH BLYDENBURG
MARGARET CALKINS
KATHARINE COCKE
ANN CORDELL
MARCIA FURMAN
MAXINE GRAVES
MAUDE GREGG
SUSIE GUNN
BETSY HAILE
MARY HUDGINS
SARA KEMPER
PAULINE MCPHAIL
HELEN MACKEY
RUTH MARKS
EIRENE MAYERS
MARY NEWTON
MILDRED NEWTON
MARTHA ROBERTSON
CLARE ROBERTSON
VIRGINIA RUFFIN
ELIZABETH STUART
CARY TYNDELL
ANNA WHITEHEAD
MARY WHITEHEAD
SARA WHITE
CAROLINE WRIGHT



Junior Class History



JUNIORS! We, as a class, request you, dear reader, to give your attention for a short time to the list of celebrities included by the name "Juniors." Five or six years ago—my memory is rather dim as to the exact date—Betsy Haile laughed her way into C. E. I., and has kept laughing ever since. Betsy is especially noted for her "sweet Southern voicè" and her ability to be a good pal.

In 1917 Chatham sent us three more good members, Anna and Mary Whitehead and Ruth Marks. Eirene Mayers, who has the sweetest nature of any of us, and Sara Philips, our cleverest member, both entered this same year. At this time also came Margaret Calkins, "Calky," and "Lil Fanny" Cocke. The latter, our president, stars equally as well in basket-ball as along literary lines, and she is one of the best members of our Student Council.

Some of our most prominent members came in 1918. Caroline Wright, Mildred and Mary Newton are three of our best students. Mildred is also a fine member of the Student Council. "Eddie" Mackey and "Arkansas" also dropped in on us at this time. Eddie and basket-ball are class synonyms, and her ambitions lie distinctly in two directions—to tickle the ivories like Sam Sours and to take a notable part in the wedding of the "Prince of Wales." Ann, otherwise "Arkansas," is an all-round good sport; add to this an everlasting grin, a surplus amount of "pep," and you have her. Sara White is considered the neatest, and Cary Tyndell the prettiest of us.

The other class beauty came in 1919, Marcia Furman. Marcia is a peach, and we hope to present her to you next year as one of the Seniors. The two Robertsons in basket-ball, Maxine Graves and Virginia Ruffin as students, and Susie Gunn as a song-bird have won honorable mention. Sara Kemper and "Lib" Stuart complete our happy throng. "Lil Kemp" is a mighty good sport, and although inclined to be a wee bit lazy, she gets there just the same. "Lib's" particular fame is in basket-ball—she has a "rather rough" rep there. We recommend her as capable of writing a column for the *Chathamite* entitled "Advice to the Lovelorn."

Even if we do say it—the prospects of the Juniors are not to be deemed unfavorable.

MARGARET CALKINS, '20.





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



The Sophomore Class

COLORS : Navy Blue and White

FLOWER : Lily-of-the-Valley

MOTTO : Shoulder to shoulder

Officers

FRANCES MONTAGUE.....*President*
JOYCE HUFFMAN.....*Vice-President*
ETTA OLIVER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
VIRGINIA HALL.....*Cheer Leader*

Members

MILDRED ADAMS
NELL AVERY
EFFIE BEALE
JULIA BURWELL
ELIZABETH CHINN
MAURY COLEMAN
MAURY CRAWFORD
ELIZABETH DARST
EMILY DAVIS
INEZ DERRY
UNITY DILLON
FANNY GORDON
HELLON GOODYEAR
GRACE GOLDSMITH
MARGUERITE GREGG
VIRGINIA HALL
JOYCE HUFFMAN
ELIZABETH JACOBS
CHARLOTTE KEMPER
PAULETTE KÍFER

ELINOR KENDALL
MARY LYNE
IMOGENE MARSTON
MARGUERITE MOUNTCASTLE
ORA MOTLEY
FRANCES MONTAGUE
ETTA OLIVER
MARY POOLE
PAULINE REDD
DOROTHY RIKE
FRANCES RIKE
LILLIAN RING
ELEANOR SANFORD
SARA SCHOEN
FRANCES SUBLETT
HELEN TERRELL
ROSA TYSON
FRANCES WADDELL
ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD
ANNE C. WICKHAM

EMILY WILKINS



Sophomore Class History



UR Class of 1921 is the largest Sophomore class in the history of C. E. I. However, the supremacy which is ours in quantity is by no means lacking in quality, and we are sure that Mrs. Willis will be proud of us when we become dignified Seniors.

The first to enter our ranks was Anne Carter, the niece of our beloved President, Dr. Pruden. "Toothpick," the president of our class, Helen Terrell, and Eleanor Kendall enlisted in 1916. The year 1917 contributed to us "Jinny" Hall, our noisiest and best loved member; Unity Dillon, who, with Elinor, has been the literary star in the Sophomore sky; "Rylie," the artist of our class; Joyce and Paulette, our most dependable members; Rosa, the one demure Sophomore; Inez, the most dignified of our band; and Emily, one of our most prominent Domestic Science pupils.

In 1918 there came into our midst twenty-seven brand-new members. Among these are the Sophomore basket-ball stars, Sara, Grace, Mary, and Imogene; and Mildred, our class baby, speaks for herself. "Teet" and Frances came, last but not least, to join us in January, 1919. Only a few of our 1918 girls have been mentioned, but how can I extol the virtues of twenty-seven such girls as these, and still keep within the one-page limit? So, if I pass some by, you shall certainly hear from them next year as Juniors.

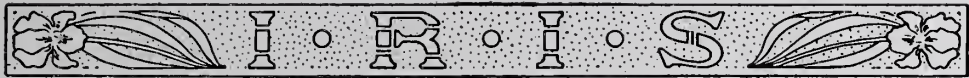
FRANCES MONTAGUE, '21.



FRESHMEN



THE FRESHMAN CLASS



The Freshman Class

COLORS: Green and White

FLOWER: White Daffodil

MOTTO: "Every great thing has a small beginning"

Officers

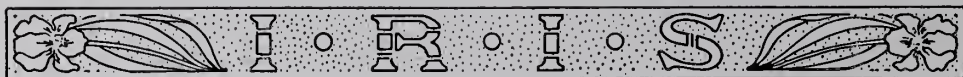
ETHELIND GLADWIN.....*President*
ANN SMITH.....*Vice-President*
KATHLEEN MAYERS.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

HARRIET ADAMS
JEAN BUNN
MAMIE BRITTLE
MARIE BANK
SARAH BERKELEY
MARTHA CLARKE
DOROTHY CARTER
ANNIE COLEMAN
MARY L. COLES
NANCY COONS
POLLY CARY DEW
HELEN DOSWELL
ELIZABETH ELLISON
ETHELIND GLADWIN
HELEN HUNGERFORD
NANCY JONES
FRANCES LAUGHLIN
MOLLY LUCAS
GLADYS MOSES
VICTORIA MUIR
KATHLEEN MAYERS
KLEIST MANNING

ENID MADDON
CECIL MATTON
JOSEPHINE MARTIN
MAUD MARTIN
HOPE NOEL
ELIZABETH NAPIER
LUCY H. OVERBEY
JEAN PEED
VIRGINIA PAUL
ELIZABETH PARFAN
EVELYN RING
EFFIE RIDDICK
ANN SMITH
BEATRICE SMITH
ANNIE SIMS
ELIZABETH THOMAS
MABEL TURNER
VIRGINIA TALBOTT
MARIE TARRY
VIRGINIA VAUGHAN
VIRGINIA VAN GUILDER
DOROTHY WHITEHEAD

MARY WILLIAMSON



Freshman Class History



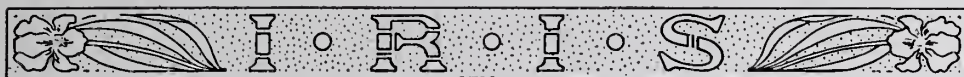
ATE in the month of September, 1918, we came here to spend a year of good spirit and joy. Of course we came cleverly and effectually disguised as Freshmen, but by our works we were soon known. When we had been here about two weeks, the "Flu" began to rage. Of course, we all had it, and this delayed us in everything. We began to show our spirit in school life through a Liberty Loan auction. Through our speeches, which we give every Monday morning in study hall, we express our views on various subjects. Thus in English we are learning to form our own opinions.

At the first class meeting Ethelind Gladwin was elected president, and she has made a good one. There are so many other members that we can't describe each one, so we will do our best to let you see that we are not merely members and nothing else. Our literary genius is too well known to be mentioned. Molly Lucas represents us in tennis, Virginia Vaughan in music, Elizabeth Thomas, better known as "Reddie," in basket-ball, and, last but not least, Elizabeth Ellison in dancing. The famous "gang" displays our dramatic talent. If you ever hear of this gang in later years, please recall that we sent it out into the world.

And now just see what a pleasant little company we shall make if we journey through the world together. "Moses" and "Whitehead"-ed "Paul" shall be our leaders. We shall "Tarry" on the "Bank" and "Dos-(e)-well" while the "Dew" falls. We shall sit by the "Coles" which the "Coleman" has brought us and eat peanut "Brittle" and "Bunns." We shall chew "Adams" chewing-gum while we listen to the chirp of our "Martins." So, you see, we shall always be "Mary" and "Hope"-ful as long as we live in "Virginia."

ETHELIND GLADWIN, '22.

ELIZABETH THOMAS, '22.



Preparatory Class

COLORS: Green and Gold

FLOWER: "Forget-me-not"

MOTTO: "Step by step we're climbing"

Officers

CATHERINE HYLTON.....	<i>President</i>
MARY FULGHUM.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
DENNIS CHAPMAN.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
KATHERINE LEWIS.....	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
MISS HARRIS.....	<i>Class Teacher</i>

Members

ALICE ABBOT	ETTY DOUGHERTY	MARY FULGHUM	KATHERINE LEWIS
GEORGIA ALLEN	LYDIA DILLARD	CATHERINE HYLTON	HELEN LONG
ELIZABETH BERKELEY	ANITA DELMAR	MARY HUNTER JONES	MARGARET RHODES
DENNIS CHAPMAN	JULIA FINGER	ROSE KEFER	THELMA WEST
	MARION PHILIPS		



THE DRAMA



Wherefore the Purple and Gold?



HE scratching of pens on paper, the fluttered turning of pages, and deep sighs broke the stillness of the schoolroom. A half dozen girls were bending concentrated efforts upon their work, while near a long French window sat a gray-haired teacher, gazing out upon the budding flowers in an old garden.

"Miss Nelson," asked a troubled voice, "won't you help me with this rhyme? These old French kings just won't get into verse."

"Yes, my dear, let me see your work," replied Miss Nelson, and a few helpful words straightened the difficulty.

"Miss Nelson," came a second voice, "I have cut and cut this résumé of *Quentin Durward*, and there are still just pages and pages of it left. Scott wrote so much that I can not help but make it long."

"Come, Isabel, and let me see," said Miss Nelson, and again the difficulties were smoothed away, and the work in the schoolroom proceeded uninterrupted until the dismissal bell rang.

"Try to have your work finished by Monday, girls, so that we can have it all typewritten next week, and get out our first issue."

"What are we going to do about covers for our magazine, Miss Nelson?"

"Suppose we ask Miss Gilmer, our art teacher, to paint us one."

"That will be fine," exclaimed the girls. Then, gathering their papers together, they left the room.

A week passed. The same class was assembled in the same schoolroom, but the scene was different. Eager-looking girls were gathered around the desk, while Miss Nelson put together the loose sheets of the first issue of the school magazine.

"You haven't seen the cover yet that Miss Gilmer painted for us, have you?" Reaching into the desk, she brought out a heavy square of cardboard, on which was painted a beautiful bunch of purple and gold iris. "Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed Miss Nelson. "And I think the IRIS will be a most appropriate name for our magazine."



"Yes, indeed!" chorused the delighted school girls.

When the pages were all in place, Miss Nelson produced some yellow and purple ribbon, with which she tied together this first edition of *THE IRIS*. It was a really pretty thing when finished, and met with every one's approval. The purple and gold ribbons looked so pretty together that they were immediately adopted for the school colors.

The spring of 1895, for this was the first year of dear old C. E. I.'s memorable career, found a bit of purple and gold proudly displayed on each girl's coat, while banners of the same colors waved everywhere, rivaling the gorgeous colors of the iris which bloomed in quiet corners of the old garden.

School work was equally as pressing in 1895 as in 1919, and no time was found in which to get out other editions of the *IRIS*. But the thought which had sprung from this first edition of the *IRIS* had taken root, and the purple and gold continued to be the school colors. With the growth of the school in passing years, the time came when dear old C. E. I. could take her place in line with the best schools of our country. And now each year a beautifully-bound annual is issued which proudly bears the title of the *IRIS*.

ELIZABETH CLEMENT, '21.



As Others See Them

1

Truth meetings being now the fad
We indulge this whim quite often,
And there we hear of faults so bad
With no attempt to soften.

2

The one last Thursday was absurd!
We'll now tell with perfect trust
That you will ne'er disclose a word—
"The Seniors were discussed."

3

They jumped full force on little White
For being a dainty eater;
They said that Lois was such a fright,
Any one would hate to meet her.

4

The Rossers next were on the scene.
We all agreed, who knew it,
That Mamie should have been May Queen,
But "Katty" beat her to it.

5

And Marion they all declared
Should be voted off the team;
For "Liz" Roller's wit nobody cared,
To her alone it funny seemed.

6

They whispered that Mrs. Willis said
Mary cared only for fun;
And "Willy" wouldn't dismiss from her head
The lessons that had to be done.



7

Natalie just thinks she can paint,
Her work is only a bluff;
Of Hannah next they made the complaint
That she was noisy and rough.

8

Marie, they said, was much too meek,
She dared not speak out her mind;
And Kathleen Furcron flunked each week,
Though the reason no one could find.

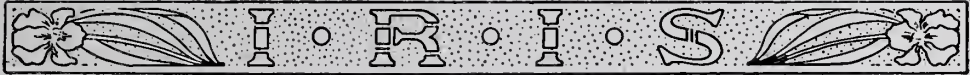
9

Katherine Redman was raked up and down
For lallapaloosing with Miss Bright;
And it was noised all over town
Edith's flirting was a sight.

10

'Twas said Miss Fox had given up hope
Of making Leah composed;
But at that moment the room bell spoke,
And so our meeting closed.

SARA PHILIPS, '20.
MARGARET CALKINS, '20.



Statistics

Most Optimistic.....VIRGINIA HALL

Virginia's always cheerful and gay,
To be happy she seems to have found the way;
Others are blue when things go wrong,
But Virginia just sings her merry song.

Most Popular.....
 { SARA SCHOEN
 MARGARET CALKINS

Sara and Calky are loved by all,
For their graces and charms we all do fall;
They're attractive, "peppy," and captivate you.
Do they deserve our vote? We'll say they do!

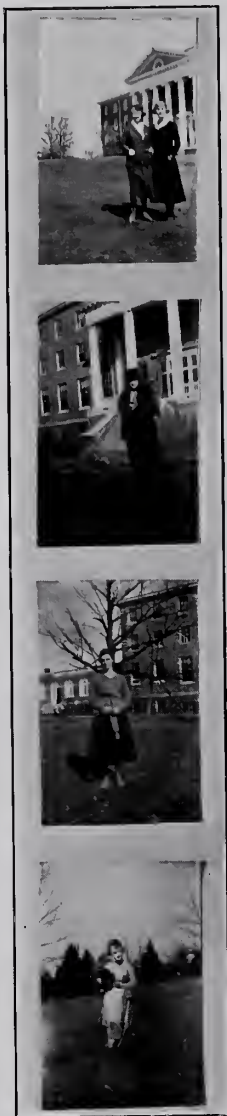
Most Popular Teacher.....
 { MISS HATHAWAY
 MISS HARRISON

Teachers, of course, are not liked in school,
But there are exceptions to every rule.
Now, Miss Hathaway we simply adore;
Miss Harrison, too, of our votes has a store.

Lallapaloosiest.....ELIZABETH STUART

Lallapaloosing is Lib's long suit,
And often when passing by
We see a white flag upon her door,
And, oh, how "we wonder why!"





Most Stylish..... } LOIS MOORE
NATALIE STOKES

Lois is one of the stylish kind,
On fashions new she devotes her mind;
Always dressed in the latest style,
She has the rest of us beat by a mile.

Wittiest.....RUTH BLYDENBURG

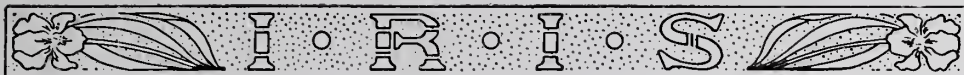
From the "nutmeg state" along came Ruth,
The wittiest girl in the school forsooth;
She chases clouds of gloom away,
And keeps us laughing night and day.

Most Influential.....MARIE BRANDT

Your power to advise and sway
Is keenly felt by all;
We profit by your influence
In matters great and small.

Cutest.....HANNAH DIXON

We rave about style,
We rave about beauty;
But when Hannah we see,
We cry, "Isn't she cutey!"



Most Original.....MOLLY LUCAS

We thought there was nothing new under the sun,
Till Molly came along;
But now she's got 'em all beat on the run,
And we feel that we were wrong.

Sweetest.....EIRENE MAYERS

Our little Eirene can't be beat,
For disposition kind and sweet;
Every one I'm sure agrees,
Her aim in life is just to please.

Most Dignified.....MILDRED NEWTON

Our Mildred is most dignified,
With "rep" that reaches far and wide;
She always has such perfect poise,
And never, *never* makes a noise.

Most Sarcastic.....HELEN MACKEY

Don't worry because at times
You're called a bit sarcastic;
We think 'twould be sublime
To own a tongue so drastic.



I · R · I · S



Best All-Round.....ELIZABETH STUART

She's our best all-round beyond a doubt,
A good old sport, we soon found out;
In all she does she seems to excel,
And she's won a place in our hearts as well.

Most Talkative.....VIRGINIA RUFFIN

Virginia's one of the talkative kind,
She uses her tongue instead of her mind;
It's constantly wagging night and day,
We wonder she thinks of so much to say.

Biggest Flirt.....FRANCES MONTAGUE

She flirts with them all be they short or tall,
It makes no difference to her;
But when they grow bolder, she turns the cold shoulder,
And says very coldly, "Sir!"

Most Pessimistic.....ELEANOR KENDALL

She grumbles when the skies are blue,
She grumbles when they're gray;
But Mr. Right will come some day,
And chase all gloom away.

Funniest and Handsomest.....GRACE GOLDSMITH

We'll agree that Grace is funny all right,
She keeps us laughing from morn till night;
She has our vote for the handsomest, too,
When it comes to good looks her rivals are few.

A black and white photograph showing a large, dark, leafless tree in the foreground, its branches reaching across the frame. In the background, a light-colored building with a curved roofline is visible through the branches. The image has a grainy, high-contrast quality.

Most Generous.....SARA SCHOEN

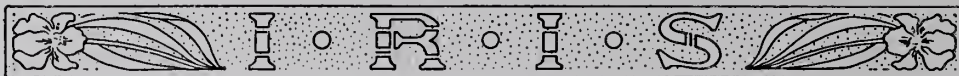
Most generous one, a name you've won
For giving things away;
May all the bread you've cast abroad
Return as cake some day.

<i>Most Dependable and</i>	{	MARY HUGHES
<i>Intellectual</i>		WILLIAMINA CHAMBERLAYNE

On Mary Hughes we all rely,
To do her best she'll always try;
Her knowledge, too, is great indeed,
In all she does she seems to succeed.

Neatest SARA WHITE

She fixes her hair with the greatest care,
And never a strand is misplaced;
She always looks neat from her head to her feet,
The rest of us feel quite disgraced.



Most Athletic.....ELIZABETH STUART

As a tennis player she's won a name,
In basket-ball she's just the same;
Oft we hear the Coach exclaim,
"Another foul and you're out of the game!"

Primpiest and Most Conceited.....CARY TYNDELL

At her daily task, Cary stands at the glass,
And dresses with greatest of care;
Every hour she goes to powder her nose,
Or fixes a stray lock of hair.

Most Tactful.....KATHERINE REDMAN

On Katherine's natal day, I'm sure
That this must be a fact,
Good fairies showered down on her
A double dose of tact.

Most Musical.....MARGARET CALKINS

At "Discord Meeting" or concert grand
The prize to "Calky" we'll have to hand;
In music you'll one day win a name,
And all the world will sing your fame.

I · R · I · S

Prettiest.....MARCIA FURMAN

O Marcia fair, with eyes so brown,
And lips as red as roses;
'Tis true that you've gained many a pound,
But, gosh, how cute your nose is!

Most Attractive and Vivacious.....MARGARET CALKINS

By far the most vivacious,
And the most attractive, too;
For driving away a spell of the blues,
We take off our hats to you.

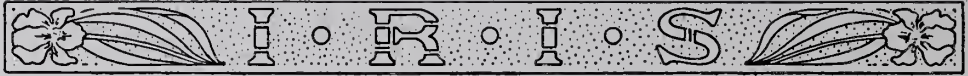
Best Dancers..... { Leader, N. STOKES
Follower, H. DIXON

With graceful pose and twinkling toe,
And bodies most elastic,
We watch with delight in the gym each night,
As they trip the light fantastic.

Biggest Giggler.....SARA SCHOEN

Sara in school has won a degree,
Our "Brother Willie" called it "G. G."
That she deserves it I'm sure you'll agree,
When you hear her giggle and laugh tee-hee!





Good-bye?

(All apologies to Ralph Waldo Emerson)

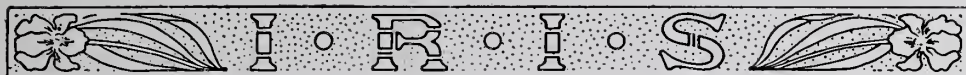
Good-bye, proud school, I'm going home!
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Though through thy weary halls I roam,
A disconsolate creature all the time,
Long have I stayed—the wish not my own.
But, now, proud school, I'm going home!!

Good-bye to Miss Bright's blushing face,
And to Miss Schulte's wise grimace;
To Miss C. Cover's eager eye,
To give demerits in numbers high;
To study hall, to boring class,
To the faculty's eternal sass.
To those who to this hole did roam,
I say good-bye, I'm going home!!

I'm leaving honor rules behind,
On meals no longer waste my dimes;
No frantic struggles for a bath,
Secured with never-ending wrath;
Where bells ring all the livelong day,
And never give us time to play;
Where pianos hang from morn till eve,
This spot, with greatest joy, I leave.

Oh, when I'm safe in my "home, sweet home,"
I'll no more aspire to C. E. I. dome.
At 5 A. M., when stretched in bed,
I'll think of the girls who rise, instead,
To pore over Latin Composition,
And thus embitter their disposition.
What care I for such martyrdom?
Good-bye, proud school, I'm going home!!

MARGARET CALKINS, '20.



The Faculty in the Eyes of the Seniors

MISS ROBB	<i>The boldest</i>
MISS CURTIS	<i>Most reasonable</i>
MISS NEWBOLD.....	<i>Least conceited and most retiring</i>
MISS COVER	<i>Sourest looking</i>
MISS FAULCONER }	<i>Man-haters</i>
MISS SCHULTE }	
MISS HATHAWAY	<i>Hardest hearted</i>
MISS HARRIS	<i>Most unobliging</i>
MISS SHEPARD	<i>Most flippan</i>
MISS HARRISON	<i>Most musical</i>
MISS FOX	<i>Most hoydenish</i>
MISS ROOT	<i>Fussiest</i>
MISS K. WILLIS	<i>Homeliest</i>
MISS BRIGHT	<i>Biggest flirt</i>
MISS CAMPBELL	<i>Biggest rump</i>
MRS. WILLIS	<i>Most yielding</i>
MISS PAULSEN	<i>Most reticent</i>
MRS. FOULKES	<i>Stingiest</i>
DR. PRUDEN	<i>Most tactful</i>



"Is This all right?"



"If you'll wait I'll fix my hair and look pretty."



"I wish my brown sweater was finished."



"Don't I look cute to have my picture taken?"



"Wait 'til I pump a little."



"I want to see it when you get it done."



"I'm smiling like a Pezco advertisement."



"This is so sudden!!"



"Where do you want me?"

WHAT THEY SAID



Solbed



T was a dark and stormy night. Silence reigned along the corridors of C. E. I. asylum, save for the scurry of rats, the whirr of bats, and the occasional flight of a flying squirrel. The inmates slept the sleep of exhaustion caused by the severe test of true friendship for the trustee which they had undergone (and barely survived) that evening.

They slept—all but “Arkansas” and “Lil Fanny.” These two had suffered such severe shocks to their nervous systems that sleep had forsaken them, and following is a proof that “great minds run in the same channel.” Both, being mindful of a visit to the office at 4:40 in case of a failure in history, had risen from their downy couches, ignorant of the fact that it was midnight, and not 5:30. A collision had occurred on the stairs, chiefly because the brilliant hue of “Arkansas’s” red pajamas shone through the darkness and so dazzled her companion’s eyes that the latter lost her balance and fell into “Arkansas’s” arms.

So, clutching each other for encouragement, they descended the steps and pushed open the doors of study hall, stepping over the dead rat tied to a stick that Sara Schoen had left there the night before. But they went no further, for through a door at the opposite end of the room a gleam of light appeared, and the two sank behind the seats with one accord, speechless for once.

A ghastly figure entered the room, carrying a dark-lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. In spite of the extreme filth of the man’s clothing, “Arkansas” thought that she recognized a certain favorite striped shirt which had been missing lately. She was all for tearing it off his back, but on second thought she remembered that she had lent it to “Lib” and that “Lib” had klepped it, so she subsided again. With stealthy footsteps the man made his way from desk to desk, searching every crack and cranny of each with his light. His search seemed fruitless for a while, but at a certain desk near the front he paused longer than usual. Then he drew out a small box which caused the two onlookers to sit up and take notice. It was neither more nor less than one of the one hundred and forty odd mite-boxes annually handed out to one hundred and forty odd helplessly submissive heathen, with the in-



junction to "practice self-denial" and put the results of sacrifice in these caskets. The rattle of money followed, as the thief tore open the box and appropriated the two dollars which Enid, at the cost of much loss of flesh, had placed there. This prize he stored away in a small bag, in which, as he opened it, might be recognized as Katherine Redman's K A ring. One thing sure, that man had better not go to Katherine to have his fortune told. Very heartily the early risers wished themselves out of their plight, for the light seemed to flicker nearer their hiding place. Besides this, the rats were awakening, and one scampered right over a five-dollar desk and bumped into a precious ink-well, which the thief had removed from its place to take with him, for ink-wells are rare articles, and this special kind is "no longer made," so is really priceless.

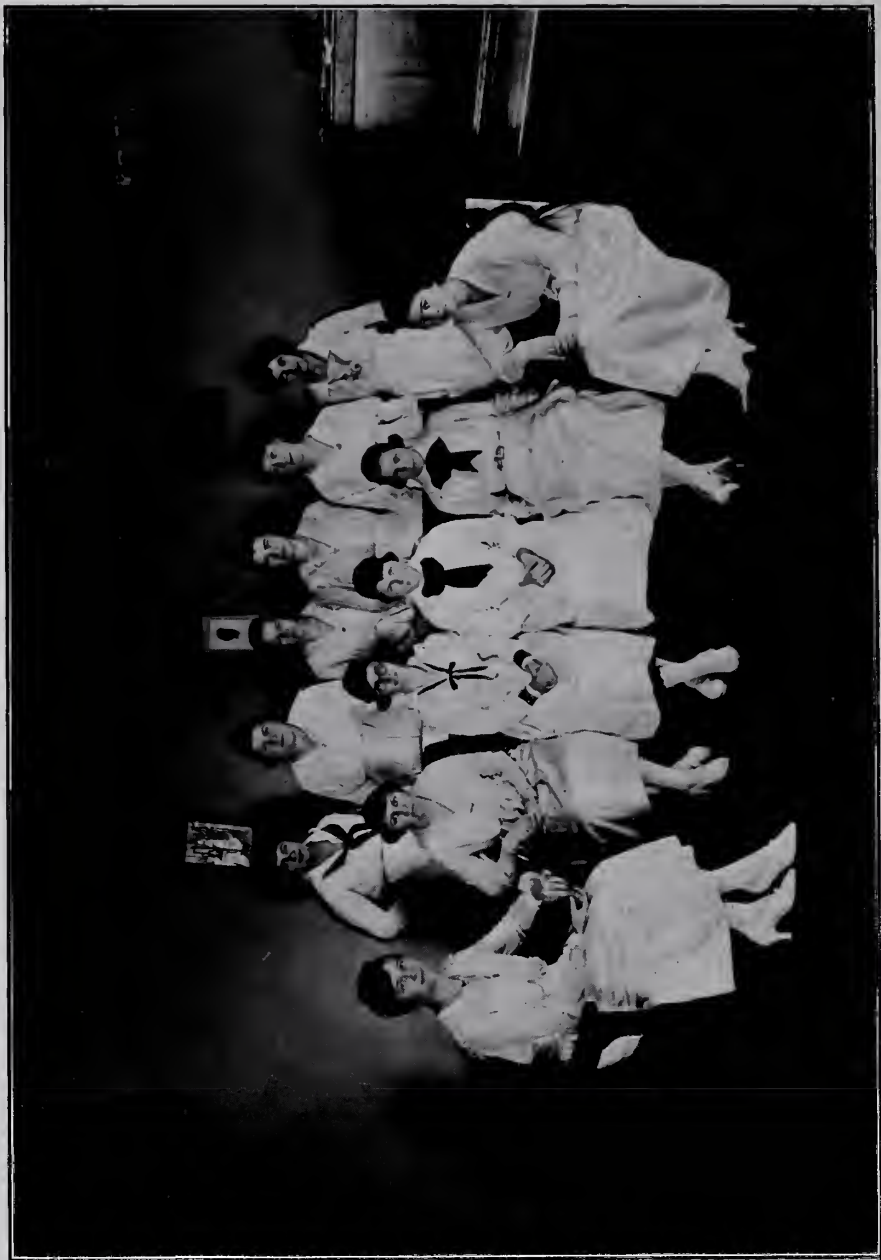
Without a doubt he was now aiming for their direction; so, after a hurried and whispered conference, "Arkansas" and "Lil Fanny" decided to run for their lives the moment he came too close. This moment came only too soon, and as he drew nearer they summed up their courage and rose to fly through the back door. But an immense pile of Martha Clark's books and notes to Marie impeded their course (since Martha's property was always on the floor), and with a crash the two runaways fell among the love-notes in the dust. There was now no time to flee, so with terror in their hearts they watched the fiend approach with his knife uplifted and evil in his eye.

Betsy turned over, no longer dreaming of burglars and murders and mite-boxes, but knowing only too well why she had that awful pain which seemed to turn her inside out, and which gave her those awful nightmares. With a groan of pain she rolled over and—"Doggone that shrimp salad."

Two JUNIORS.

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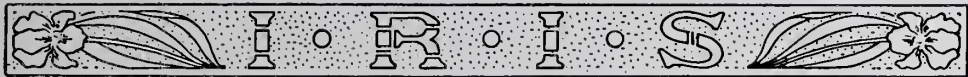
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WHITE BARKER

MARIE BRANDT

MILDRED NEWTON

MARY HUGHES



Five Merry Feasters

KATHLEEN ROSSER.....	<i>Boss</i>
WHITE BARKER.....	<i>Mayonnaise Mixer</i>
FRANCES MONTAGUE.....	<i>Bread Cutter</i>
VIRGINIA HALL.....	<i>Dish Washer</i>
MAMIE ROSSER.....	<i>Chief Eater</i>



THE FLEUR-DE-LIS CLUB



Fleur-de-lis Club

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ELEANOR KENDALL	VIRGINIA VAUGHAN
HELEN MACKAY	CAROLINE WRIGHT

FRANCES MONTAGUE

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WHITE BARKER	LOIS MOORE
LEAH LEWIS	MRS. WILLIS



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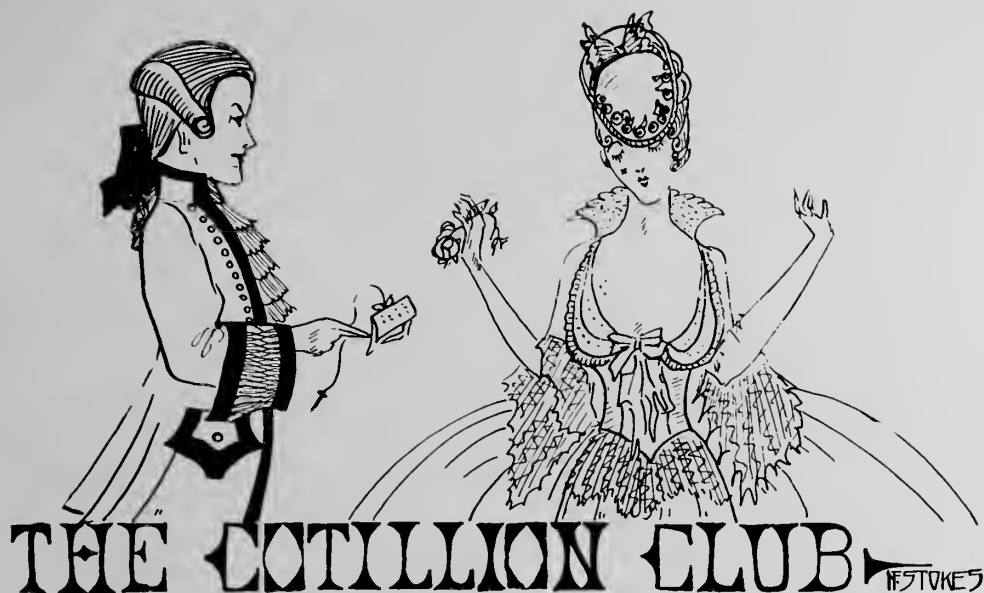


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MAUD MATTHEWS GREGG	SARA SCHOEN
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Faculty Adviser

MISS HARRISON



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MADMOISELLE BUTTERFLY GOUBERJER.....	VIRGINIA TALBOTT
MR. ARCHIBALD KOOTIE, JR.....	ELIZABETH ELLISON
MR. HEZEKIAH OVERDOFFER, SR.....	MOLLY LUCAS



THE GLEE CLUB



Glee Club

MISS RUTH M. ROOT, *Director and Accompanist*

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KATHLEEN ROSSER.....*President*
SUSAN GUNN.....*Secretary*
HELLON GOODYEAR.....*Treasurer*

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MILDRED ADAMS
ELLA HUNT DAVIS
MARY FULGHUM
SUSAN GUNN
LEAH LEWIS

VIRGINIA PAUL
LILLIAN RING
KATHLEEN ROSSER
VIRGINIA VAUGHAN
SARA WHITE

SECOND SOPRANO

NELL AVERY
ELIZABETH DARST
HELLON GOODYEAR
FANNIE GORDON

MARY HUDGINS
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KATHERINE REDMAN
DOROTHY RIKE

FRANCES RIKE

FIRST ALTO

MARGARET CALKINS
KATHLEEN FURCRO

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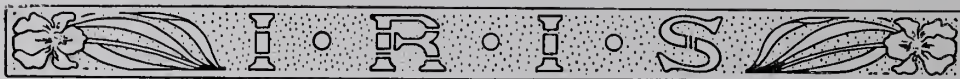
EMILY WILKINS

SECOND ALTO

MARCIA FURMAN
ETHELIND GLADWIN

MARY HUGHES
CATHERINE HYLTON

MARION STOREY



Discord Club

COLORS: Pink and Orange

FLOWER: "Sweet Little Buttercup"

MEETING DAY: Monday

TIME: "In the Dawning"

MOTTO: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast—we soothe him!"

Officers

"ARKANSAS"	<i>President</i>	"LIB"	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
BETSY	<i>Vice-President</i>	MARCIA	<i>Leader of Song</i>
RUTH	<i>Secretary</i>	MARION }	<i>Orchestra</i>
"LIL KEMP"	<i>Treasurer</i>	CALKY }	

Members

BASS		FALSETTO	
"ARKANSAS"	"All-off" Discord	"LIB"	"Half-off" Discord
BETSY	"Way-off" Discord	"LIL KEMP"	"Pretty-bad-off" Discord
TENOR		ALTO	
CALKY	"Not-quite-off" Discord	MARION	"Pretty-nearly-off" Discord
MARCIA	"Just-about-off" Discord	RUTH	"Almost-off" Discord



Masks and Wigs

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MISS F. L. NEWBOLD.....	<i>Chairman</i>
SUSIE GUNN.....	<i>President</i>
KATHERINE REDMAN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
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RUTH BLYDENBURG.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

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RUTH BLYDENBURG	MARY HUDGINS
WILLIAMINA CHAMBERLAYNE	PAULETTE KEFER
KATHERINE REDMAN	

Honorary Members

MISS L. V. HATHAWAY	MISS K. M. WILLIS
---------------------	-------------------



THE WEDDING



The Wedding

Bridal Party

HANNAH DIXON.....	Bride
MARIE BRANDT.....	Maid of Honor
MARGUERITE MOUNTCASTLE.....	Matron of Honor
FRANCES MONTAGUE.....	Flower Girl
A. H. CORDELL.....	Bridegroom
W. A. CHAMBERLAYNE.....	Best Man
H. HUNGERFORD.....	Father
W. BARKER.....	Ring Bearer
MAMIE ROSSER }	Ribbon Girls
VIRGINIA HALL }	

Bridesmaids

NATALIE STOKES
SARA SCHOEN
MARGARET CALKINS
MARCIA FURMAN
CARY TYNDELL

Groomsmen

G. GOLDSMITH
B. HAILE
E. STUART
S. KEMPER
E. OLIVER



Junior Auxiliary

Officers

MARY HUGHES.....	<i>President</i>
MARION STOREY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIE BRANDT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
KATHARINE COCKE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
BETSY HAILE.....	<i>Chairman</i>
MARGARET CALKINS.....	<i>Pianist</i>

Members

MARIE BANKS	MAUDE GREGG	VIRGINIA PAUL
WHITE BARKER	SUSAN GUNN	JEAN PEED
EFFIE BEALE	MISS HATHAWAY	DR. PRUDEN
RUTH BLYDENBURG	MISS HARRIS	KATHERINE REDMAN
MISS BRIGHT	MISS HARRISON	DOROTHY RIKE
JULIA BURWELL	JOYCE HUFFMAN	FRANCES RIKE
BETTY CHINN	ELIZABETH JACOBS	MISS ROBB
ANN CHINN	CHARLOTTE KEMPER	CLARE ROBERTSON
ANN CORDELL	SARA KEMPER	MARTHA ROBERTSON
MISS COVER	PAULETTE KÉFER	ELIZABETH ROLLER
CLAUDIA CHAPMAN	LEAH LEWIS	MAMIE ROSSER
MAURY CRAWFORD	HELEN LONG	VIRGINIA RUFFIN
EMILY DAVIS	ENID MADDOX	MISS SHEPARD
ELLA HUNT DAVIS	KLEIST MANNING	MISS SCHULTE
INEZ DERRY	JOSEPHINE MARTIN	ANNE D. SMITH
POLLY CARY DEW	MAUD MARTIN	BEATRICE SMITH
UNITY DILLON	IMOGENE MARSTON	MARIE TARRY
HANNAH DIXON	PAULINE MCPHAIL	ELIZABETH THOMAS
LYDIA DILLARD	FRANCES MONTAGUE	ROSA TYSON
HELEN FINKBEINER	ELIZABETH NAPIER	VIRGINIA VAUGHAN
KATHLEEN FURCRO	MILDRED NEWTON	ANNE C. WICKHAM
MARCIA FURMAN	MARY NEWTON	EMILY WILKINS
ETHELIND GLADWIN	MISS NEWBOLD	MARY WILLIAMSON
MAXINE GRAVES	HOPE NOELL	MISS K. WILLIS
MARGUERITE GREGG	ETTA OLIVER	MRS. WILLIS



Calendar of 1918-19

- September 29—Informal dance in gym with special music afforded by Mr. Jefferson.
- October 1—New Girls entertained the Old with a picnic in woods.
- October 8—Junior Auxiliary Reception to New Girls.
- October 12—First Year English Class celebrates Liberty Loan Day.
- October 18—Illustrated lecture on Alaska by Mr. Edgar C. Raine.
- November 11—Peace Day Celebration.
- November 12—Lecture on War Work Campaign by Dr. Shipley.
- November 15—Reading from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" by Dr. Henry Southwick.
- November 17—Recital given by Miss Newbold and Miss Root.
- November 25—Recital given by Miss Paulsen and Miss Faulconer.
- November 26—School entertained by Mr. Jefferson at the moving pictures.
- November 28—Thanksgiving holiday.
- November 30—"Ingomar" given by "Masks and Wigs."
- December 2—Domestic Science Entertainment.
- December 9—Recital given by Misses Fox, Newbold, and Root.
- December 15—Bazaar.
- December 20—Christmas holidays began.
- January 1—Christmas holidays ended.
- January 11—"Enchanted Garden" given by Primary Department.
- January 20—Tea and reception given by Art students.
- January 27—Public recital.
- February 1—Mother Goose Party given in the gym by Athenians.
- February 14—St. Valentine's Party.
- February 22—Celebration in honor of George Washington's birthday.
- March 1—"L'Ecole des Belles-Mères" presented by The Fleur-de-lis Club.
- March 3—Public recital.
- March 5—Ash Wednesday holiday.
- March 18—Mock Wedding.
- March 29—Basket-ball game, Seniors vs. Sophomores.
- March 31—Basket-ball game, Juniors vs. Sophomores.
- April 3—Cup game.



April 5—Cotillion Club dance.

April 17—Easter holidays began.

April 22—Easter holidays ended.

April 23—Lecture on French history during time of Napoleon by Mr. Léon Vincent.

April 26—"A Royal Runaway" given by Senior Class.

April 28—Public recital.

May 1—May fête.

May 5—Field Day.

May 10—Reading by Mr. Bingham.

May 15—Devereux players.

May 17—Recital by Mr. Raymond Wilson, pianist, University of Fine Arts, Syracuse.

May 19—Graduate recital.

May 24—Junior-Senior Reception.

May 30—Graduate recital.

May 31—Class day exercises. Senior reception. Studio tea. Commencement play.

June 1—Baccalaureate service by Bishop Thompson.

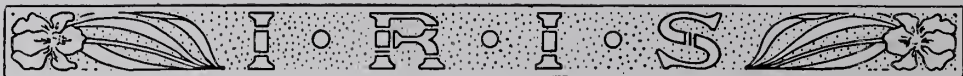
June 2—Gymnasium exhibit. Alumnæ meeting. Commencement recital. Alumnæ banquet.

June 3—Commencement exercises.

ATHLETICS



NESTOR



Athletics



ATHLETICS were greatly hampered in the fall because of influenza, and it was not until late in October that we finally organized our Athletic Association. After electing Katharine Cocke president, and Marion Storey secretary and treasurer, we enrolled seventy-six members. Much interest and enthusiasm has since been shown in sports, particularly in the preliminary basket-ball games which were played off before Christmas. Tennis was the only rival of basket-ball during the fall, but this spring much enthusiasm has been shown in baseball. Two teams, the Orange and Purple, were chosen, and now both have their loyal adherents.

Louisa Hubbard, the president of the Alumnæ Association, paid us a visit in November to tell us that the Alumnæ would present a silver cup to the class winning the greatest number of points on Field Day. With this added incentive, the girls have entered into the spirit of athletics with a new vim, and we feel that the year has been a very successful one.



COACH NEWBOLD



K. B. COCKE
PRESIDENT



M. A. STOREY
SECRETARY-TREASURER



Senior Basket-Ball Team

M. ROSSER, *Cheer Leader*

Center

E. ROLLER

Side Center

LOIS MOORE

Forwards

N. STOKES

Guards

W. CHAMBERLAYNE

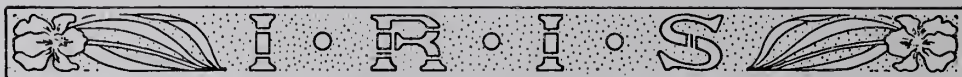
M. STOREY, Captain

K. FURCRO

Substitutes

K. ROSSER

H. DIXON



Junior Basket-Ball Team

BETSY HAILE, Cheer Leader

Center

C. ROBERTSON

Side Center

M. ROBERTSON

Forwards

H. MACKEY

K. COCKE, Captain

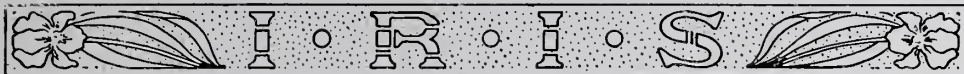
Guards

E. STUART

E. MAYERS

Substitute

CARY TYNDELL



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team

Center

S. SCHOEN

Side Center

M. POOLE

Forwards

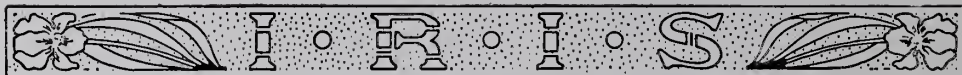
G. GOLDSMITH

P. KÉFER, Captain

Guards

I. MARSTON

E. JACOBS



Freshman Basket-Ball Team

Center

V. MUIR

Side Center

J. MARTIN

Forwards

V. VAUGHAN, Captain

E. THOMAS

Guards

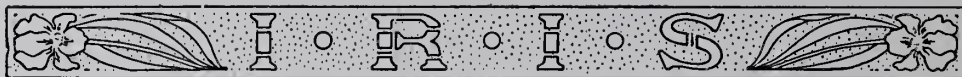
K. MAYERS

M. BRITTLE



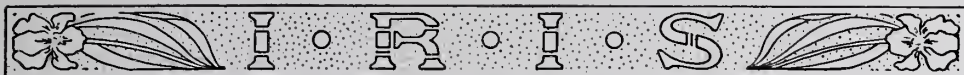
Tennis Club

W. CHAMBERLAYNE
C. CHAPMAN
K. COCKE
A. CORDELL
M. FURMAN
M. LUCAS
H. MACKEY
S. PHILIPS
S. SCHOEN
N. STOKES
M. STOREY
E. STUART



Purple Baseball Team

W. CHAMBERLAYNE
H. DIXON
K. FURCRON
E. GLADWIN
H. HUNGERFORD
P. KÉFER
M. LUCAS
S. PHILIPS
M. ROSSER
M. STOREY
E. STUART



Orange Baseball Team

M. BRANDT
K. COCKE
A. CORDELL
H. GOODYEAR
L. LEWIS
H. MACKEY
M. POOLE
C. ROBERTSON
E. ROLLER
K. ROSSER
E. THOMAS



Sing a song of C. E. I.,
 Our Alma Mater dear,
 Ever we'll be faithful to thee,
 Whether far or near.

Through the coming years we'll praise thee
 For the love you've shown;
 In our hearts will ever linger
 Memories you have sown.

Gold and purple are the colors
 That we wave on high,
 At the cry of "Wannah, wannah!"
 All but love shall die.

Come, sing to old Chatham,
 Dearest of all Alma Maters,
 To thee we'll ever be faithful,
 Our hearts will ever be grateful.
 Days full of gladness,
 Never a moment of sadness.
 Come, girls, let every one praise her,
 Hail to old C. E. I.!



Get out your rubber-tired buggy,
Get out your rubber-tired hack,
We'll take those ——— to the cemetery,
And we aren't going to bring them back.
Oh, bless my soul!
They're shoveling coal!

Gee-hee! Gee-hah!
Gee-hacka-racka, boom-a-racka!
Hullabaloo, fire-cracker!
Sis boom bah!
Chatham, Chatham!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Senior Bell

With a vevo, with a vivo,
With a vevo—vivo—vum!
We're just as sure as sure can be,
We've got those Juniors up a tree.
With a vevo, with a vivo,
With a vevo—vivo—vum!

Junior Bell

Yell, holler, root, scream,
Three times three for the Junior team.
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah, rah, rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sophomore Bell

Sophomores, hail!
Sophomores, hail!
The class the best of all the rest,
Her praises never fail.

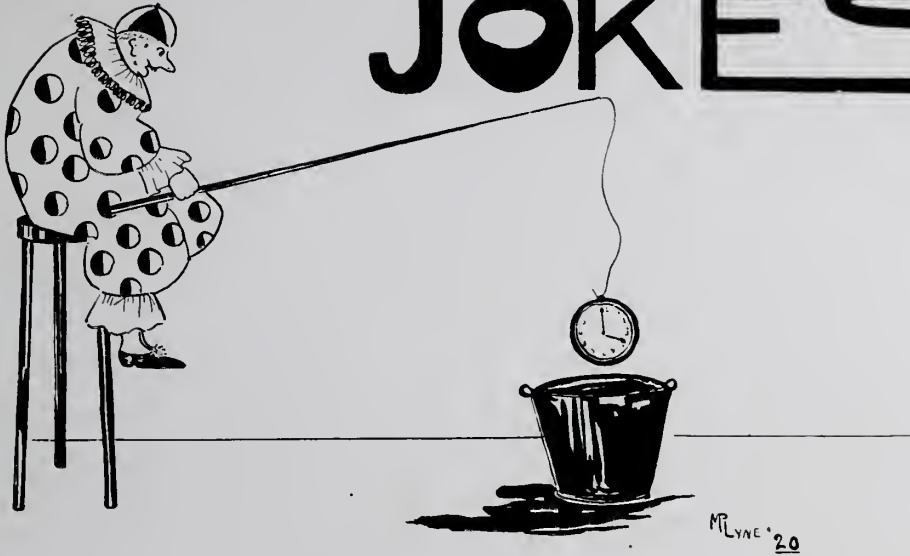
Freshman Bell

Ric-a-rac-a!
Ric-a-rac-a!
Siss, boom, bah!
Freshmen, Freshmen!
Rah! Rah! Rah!



SCHOOL SCENES

JOKES



LIL FANNY: I really can not read this letter, Katty, the writing is so bad.

KATTY (impatiently): Nonsense! The writing is good enough, any ass could read it. Hand it to me!

—*Exchange.*

YOUNG LADY (to colonel): Oh, I see you are an aviator, lieutenant.

—*Exchange.*

OLD MERCHANT: Now if dese shoes iss not satisfactory, you return dem and I vill give back your moneys.

(Few days later.)

CUSTOMER: The soles of these shoes came off the first time I walked in them.

OLD MERCHANT: You didn't walk in dem?

CUSTOMER: Of course I walked in them.

OLD MERCHANT: Mein Gott, man, dey was cavalry boots!

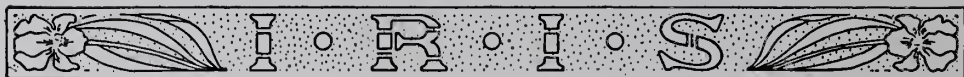
EDITOR: Are you the chump that wrote about the dance Friday?

REPORTER: Yes.

EDITOR: Well, look at this: "Among the prettiest girls in the room was Frank Newman." Nice rubbish, that is. Don't you know Frank is a boy?

REPORTER: Sure; but that was where he was.

—*Exchange.*



FLUNKED

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
I'm adrift on a cruel sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the "A+" fellows
As they shout to one another,
"Rejoice, my friends, rejoice;
Hurrah! we've passed another."

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
At the foot of my own dear class,
And the tender touch of a teacher's hand
Reminds me I did not pass.

And the lucky ones go on
To their place in the Junior Class;
But here's to the ones who have flunked,
To the ones who did not pass.

—*Exchange.*

EDITH (in Virgil class): Miss Bright, are those Cyclops still there?

MISS HARRISON (in chemistry class): What is used in the preparation of hydrochloric acid?

HANNAH: Consecrated sulphuric acid.

MISS SHEPHARD: What is a swain?

ANTOINETTE: A pig, isn't it?

EDITH (in chemistry class): Calcium hydroxide is used to manufacture allies (alkalies).

MISS ROBB (in geometry class): Always be careful of your relation, Virginia.

VIRGINIA: Not if they're poor ones.

FINIS





Thanks

WE, the members of the Class of '19, extend our heartiest thanks to the many friends of the class. We would never have been able to publish the IRIS if it had not been for their strong support. Their kindness and sympathy have encouraged each Senior to do her bit in making this an interesting publication of the IRIS, and we are, indeed, deeply grateful for their interest.

ADS.



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